A Brand New Design

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A Brand New Design

by house_of_lantis

Summary

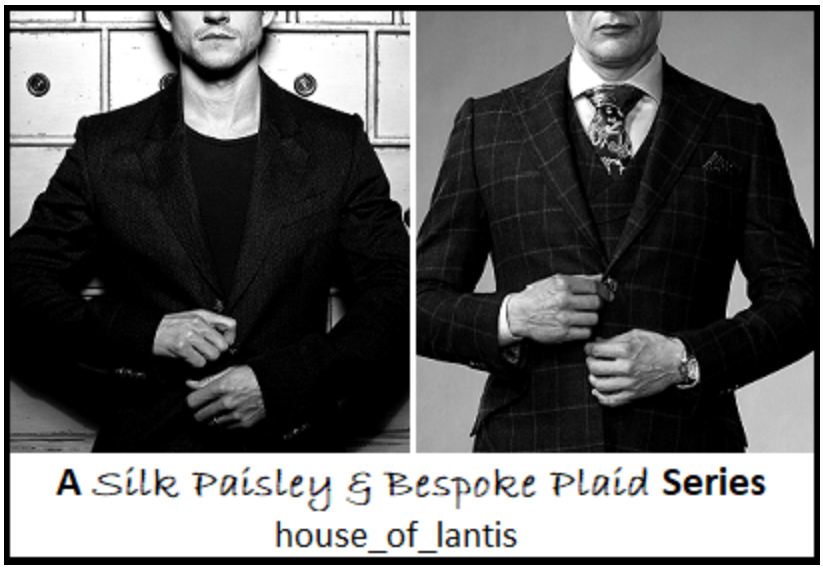
Their relationship continues to evolve and cracks are starting to show. Will seduces Hannibal with a new tailored suit of his own design and discovers something about himself.

Notes

Written For: samanthahirr who wanted a little bit of non-negotiated bondage/dom/sub

Author's Note: I've taken the show episodes out of order to suit (haha) my purposes for this fic series.

Chapter 1



Hannibal Lecter's Office

Baltimore, Maryland

Thursday, April 26

Will sat patiently in the waiting room, giving Hannibal his time to finish his paperwork. He was glad for a few minutes alone, letting his mind trawl through the latest case that Jack dropped on his lap. The "Angel Maker" murders -- and Jack's emotional manipulations -- were giving him a headache. He knew that he should step away, that the cases were getting to him, but he hated the idea that his supposed "gifts" wouldn't be applied to saving people. Either way, he knew it wasn't a good situation all around. He could retire from consulting and go back to his lecture hall and maybe the nightmares would go away...but they never really left him, and then what? He'd be crawling back to Jack, right where Jack wanted him.

What an appalling failure of imagination, Jack, Will thought, frowning to himself.

The wait wasn't long though and Hannibal opened the inner door to his office, a warm but tired smile on his handsome face. Will met his eyes, thinking that maybe they both had a tough day. He still had imagination enough to help with this, though.

“Will, I’m glad to see you.”

He stood up and walked towards Hannibal, lifting his chin to press a chaste kiss on Hannibal’s lips. Hannibal’s hand curled around his waist, his brown eyes crinkling at the edges in surprised amusement.

“What? No hanky panky in the office?”

“It’s generally frowned upon to conduct such intimacy in the workplace,” Hannibal said, his voice low and his accent losing some of its crispness. “But as in all things, you are the exception.”

Will chuckled, stepping into the large open space, placing his coat and messenger bag on one of the leather chairs. He noticed that Hannibal had lit the fire in the fireplace, giving the room a warm glow, and that there were two glasses and a bottle of expensive whiskey on his desk.

“Did you have dinner?”

“Yes, with Beverly and the boys. What about you?”

“I had dinner here. I knew that I would be working late tonight and brought my meal from home.”

Hannibal closed the door and walked towards him, his hands cupping Will’s face. He tilted Will’s head and kissed him deeply, catching Will’s upper lip between his, tongue sliding into his mouth, taking his time to taste Will properly.

“Would you have a drink with me?” Hannibal said, meeting Will’s eyes.

“Yes,” he said, smiling.

Will took a deep breath when Hannibal released him, turning to pick up the bottle, pouring a short and neat amount into both glasses. He replaced the lid on the bottle and handed one of the glasses to Will, tapping his glass against it lightly, the ring of the crystal echoing in the room.

"Thank you," Will said, taking a small sip, enjoying the smooth burn down his throat. "I really needed this."

"You're welcome," he said, swirling the golden liquid in his glass, taking a moment to sniff it before taking his own sip.

Will took a moment to look at Hannibal. He was wearing his usual bespoke three-piece suit in a black and red windowpane pattern, white dress shirt, and silver and red paisley necktie and pocket square. His hair was perfectly combed back, even after a long day in the office. Will wondered if Hannibal freshened up throughout the day. How did he maintain this all the time? It looked effortless, but everything about Hannibal was perfectly pressed and buttoned up. The attention to detail was incredible. Even in bed, Hannibal seemed unruffled by anything they did. It was as if his control was too ingrained.

"This new case is starting to give me a real headache," Will said, leaning against the edge of Hannibal's desk and facing the fireplace. He contemplated the amber color of his drink turning red from the light of the fire. " *Death makes angels of us all and gives us wings where we had shoulders smooth as ravens' claws* ."

"Jim Morrison, The Doors," Hannibal said, out of nowhere. " *A Feast of Friends* . I've composed an adagio on my harpsichord based on this song. It's quite melodic. I shall have to play it for you."

Will almost dropped his glass, his head turning to stare at Hannibal, mouth slightly open from the sheer shock of hearing Hannibal reference something from pop culture.

Hannibal smiled, but he didn't say anything. Will could tell that Hannibal was quite pleased with himself, but whether it was from surprising Will into silence or it was from something

else, Will wasn't sure. Hannibal placed his hand on Will's neck, caressing his cheek with his thumb.

"The killer is dying and he's making his victims into angels to pray for him."

Hannibal sat down in his desk chair and crossed his leg, facing the fireplace. "He cannot defeat God, so he becomes God instead."

"I think he feels abandoned by God."

"Have you ever felt abandoned, Will?"

"Have *you* ?" He snapped back, a little annoyed. He sighed, taking a large sip of his drink.

Hannibal turned and gazed up at him. "Yes, I know what it feels like to be abandoned."

"Abandonment requires expectation," he muttered, looking into the fire. "Yeah, I've been abandoned before; therefore, I don't have any expectations of people."

"Not even Jack?"

Will snorted, and said, sarcastically, "oh, this should be good."

"I don't mean that Jack has abandoned you, directly. I think it's more like the way that gods abandon their creations -- feckless and carelessly thoughtless with their prize."

"I'm not Jack's creation."

“Are you certain of that, Will?”

“Are you trying to alienate me from Jack?”

“Not at all,” Hannibal said, a hint of shortness in his tone of voice. “I’m merely trying to help you see the Angel Maker for who he truly is. He’s self-destructive and looking desperately for answers. His God is silent. Who watches over us when we sleep?”

They were both silent, each staring into the firelight. Will felt emotionally wrung out, like he was coming to the end of his tether; and maybe Hannibal was right, Jack wasn’t going to be there when he drops into the abyss. God only knew what was going through Hannibal’s mind and Will was too tired to even guess.

“We’re both distracted tonight,” Will said, watching as Hannibal gazed into the firelight, distantly. “Or just annoyed at each other. Maybe we’re spending too much time together or talking about our work too much.”

“I apologize, Will. I’m afraid that I’m not very good company at the moment.”

“Something on your mind?”

“I believe one of my patients has developed a rather obsessive emotional attachment to me that is becoming an obstacle in my ability to treat him,” Hannibal said, softly. “The time has come to find him another psychiatrist.”

Will considered it, looking into his glass. “And you need to break the news to him.”

“He was a referral from one of my colleagues,” Hannibal said, meaningfully.

“ *Gods abandoning their creations* ,” Will murmured, getting it now. He and Hannibal exchanged looks and Will gave him an apologetic grin, pleased when Hannibal returned one

as well. “Your patient seems to have a pattern of behavior. Are you worried about it? Is he violent?”

“No, nothing that extreme.”

Will put his hand on Hannibal’s shoulder, giving him an affectionate squeeze and empathizing with Hannibal’s vulnerability. He turned his hand so that his fingers caressed the nape of his neck, thumb rubbing soothing against Hannibal’s neck under his ear. He could feel the steady beat of Hannibal’s pulse under his thumb.

“He thinks he’s in love with you.” He sipped his drink again, remembering what Hannibal told him about why he left his surgical career behind for psychiatry. “You know that’s not your fault.”

“He’s consumed by the idea that the intellectual intimacy between a doctor and a patient is a substitute for an actual relationship. He doesn’t recognize -- or doesn’t want to recognize -- the power imbalance between us.”

“And he wants to pursue a personal relationship with you outside of the office,” Will said, nodding sympathetically. “I guess it happens in this field. You listen to them, you don’t judge them, they reveal themselves to you. Even a loving significant other can’t offer that kind of unfettered attention.”

Hannibal wore a soft smile. “I would give you my full attention without question.”

He chuckled. “Careful, Hannibal, that sounds a bit like emotional attachment.”

Hannibal didn’t deny it, the smile still on his lips as he swirled the liquid in his glass.

“Some might say that our relationship started in the same way.” Will took a slow sip of his drink. “You rubber stamped my psych eval for Jack. You gave me a standing appointment. We have a lot of discussions about my work and how I feel.”

“You’re my friend, not my patient, Will. We may have met under professional circumstances, but we have moved beyond that to friendship,” Hannibal said, looking up at him. “It’s unorthodox, but we’ve not crossed any ethical lines if that is something you’re concerned over. I wouldn’t risk either of our professional reputations for something as fleeting as a sexual affair. You’re my friend, first and foremost.”

Will smiled and quickly finished off his drink and set the glass on the desk. He wondered if Hannibal recognized the power imbalance between them. Will wondered which one of them had the upper hand in their relationship. Maybe the intensity of their working relationship and their sexual relationship allowed them to have power exchanges so neither one of them held the upper hand for too long. Or that it was shared by mutual decree. He hadn’t really thought about it; and he didn’t think it really mattered between them.

“Want to make out on the couch?”

It turned out that Hannibal did, indeed, want to make out with Will on the couch.

Will sprawled on his back on the pale blue silk couch that was tucked against the red wall under the mezzanine, watching as Hannibal carefully shucked out of his jacket, folding it and placing it over the back of his desk chair. He smiled at Will as he unbuttoned his vest, slipping it off his shoulders. Will licked his lips, watching Hannibal’s slow and deliberate striptease, enjoying the anticipation of Hannibal undoing his necktie and wondering if he was going to use it during their make out session -- *nope, it wasn’t to be* -- and Will swallowed down his disappointment to see the tie join the vest and jacket. *Maybe next time.* Hannibal walked towards him as he unbuttoned his shirt at the collar and at his wrists, rolling up his sleeves. Will toed off his shoes, letting them drop to the floor, and laughed when he saw Hannibal’s eyes move pointedly to the disorganized shoes.

“Get over it and get over here,” Will said, wiggling on the slippery silk fabric and tucking his hands behind his head.

Hannibal arched his eyebrow at him and Will let out a sigh, huffing out a short laugh.

“Please.”

The silk couch wasn't wide enough to accommodate one, let alone both of them, but it didn't matter. Will shimmied onto his side to make room for Hannibal, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's back as one of Hannibal's arms curled behind his neck, the other moving to drag one of Will's legs over Hannibal's thigh, firm hand moving up the back of his leg to squeeze his ass.

"You know, I haven't done this since I was in middle school," Will said, tilting his head back as Hannibal kissed along his neck. "They used to call it necking, back then."

"Appropriate," Hannibal murmured, holding Will's head still as he kissed his mouth.

They kissed for long, unhurried moments, and Will let himself sink into the soft couch as the weight of Hannibal pressed him against the cushions. He was starting to get hard, but it wasn't an urgent, pressing need. He just enjoyed the closeness without the pressure for anything more; a slow burn instead of a roiling fire. Hannibal was warm under the soft cotton of his dress shirt. Will liked that Hannibal tasted of whiskey, dark and smokey, and he recognized the familiar scent of his cologne.

"Did you do this? When you were a kid. Make out with someone?"

"The opportunity never presented itself," he said, kissing along Will's jaw to suck on his earlobe. Will closed his eyes and let out a soft moan. "Though I did have a very brief love affair with my harpsichord tutor when I was seventeen."

Will snorted, opening his eyes and turning his head to look at Hannibal, incredulously. "What?"

"I was a very precocious teenager and she was very interested in my title and wealth." Hannibal murmured, kissing Will's jaw and moving to his ear.

"Jesus, Hannibal."

Hannibal stroked his hand down Will's arm. "Don't misunderstand, the affair was lovely but short-lived. My Uncle had died the year before and I had inherited the family title and all that came with it. It was my Aunt who was...displeased with me. I was banished to a boarding school for my indiscretion."

"What happened to your tutor?" He said, imagining what Hannibal must've been like at that age. Tall and thin, reserved and quiet. Touched with sadness and loss. Too intelligent and too different to be welcomed easily by his peers.

Will was curious about the tutor. How old was she? Was she an older woman who saw Hannibal as easy prey? Did she take advantage of him? Did Hannibal regret the affair? What mark did it leave on Hannibal?

"It wasn't as illicit as you're imagining. She was twenty-one and she was kind to me at a time when I responded well to kindness. I knew that she was more interested in the Lecter wealth than in me; she wasn't clever enough to hide her intentions."

Will stroked his hand through Hannibal's hair, loose and soft now since Will enjoyed running his fingers through his hair. "What were her intentions?"

"Pregnancy. Marriage."

"And you would've married her if it came to that." He knew with painful clarity that a young Hannibal would've wanted to do the honorable thing.

"I was able to disengage from the affair without having to make that decision. My Aunt let her go and refused to give her a recommendation," he said, pulling Will's shirttails from his pants and sliding his palm up Will's chest, pressing the edge of his blunt nail into his nipple. Will closed his eyes and moaned, arching against Hannibal's hand. "A recommendation from my Aunt would've given her the credentials to apply for a teaching position elsewhere. I never knew what became of her."

“That...that’s pretty grown up of you,” Will said, breathlessly, as Hannibal took one of Will’s hands, pinning it to the armrest above him. “I was a virgin at seventeen. Always the new kid at school, always the stranger. No one wanted to give me the time of day.”

“I’m glad to do this with you now,” Hannibal said, pressing his thigh against Will’s cock.

“Yes,” Will murmured, turning his head to kiss Hannibal.

He opened his eyes and watched as Hannibal scooted down the silk couch until he was leaning on his elbow, his other hand undoing Will’s pants. He shoved down his pants and boxers, Will wiggled a little to help him, until they were trapped around his thighs. He watched with anticipation as Hannibal touched his cock, caressing the head with his fingers. It was somewhere between ticklish and teasing, not enough friction to get him off.

Will hadn’t had an active sex drive for a long time, the last few years of his life devoid of physical contact with another person. Mostly, he couldn’t deal with always knowing what his partners wanted and seeing the look in their eyes when Will fell short. He spent too much time empathizing and not enough time asking for what *he* needed. It messed with his head and he realized that trying to maintain a relationship wasn’t worth it in the end.

But now, with Hannibal, it seemed like Will’s libido was kicked into high gear. His body was primed for sex and pleasure now. His cock was trying to make up for lost time; his mind and his body were finally aligned and attuned to Hannibal in a way that Will couldn’t predict.

“Please,” he whispered, cupping Hannibal’s cheek with his hand.

Hannibal turned to kiss his palm, then wrapped his hand around the base of Will’s cock, holding it steady as he leaned down to lick across the head with the flat of his tongue. Will moaned, falling back on the cushions, one hand reaching up to grab the armrest, and arching against Hannibal when he slowly sucked Will’s cock deeper into his warm and wet mouth.

Will wondered what this was like for Hannibal. With his incredible sense of smell and his sophisticated taste buds, giving Will a blowjob probably didn’t rank that high on the culinary flavor scale.

He did some kind of well coordinated suck-hand twist-lick combination that had Will's thighs trembling and he tossed his head back, his throat vibrating from the embarrassingly loud groan that came out from somewhere deep inside his chest.

"Fuck," Will whispered, eyes squeezed shut and face turned into the back of the couch.

"Quite delectable," Hannibal said, licking across the head to get a good taste of him, squeezing just under the head to draw out even more pre-come and licking again and again.

"Hannibal, stop teasing and get on with it," Will said, curling his fingers into Hannibal's hair.

"I don't think..." Hannibal murmured, licking around the plump head. "...that you're in any position…" Will shuddered, his thighs trembling. "...to tell me what to do."

"You just like hearing me beg."

Hannibal chuckled and looked up at him, curling his lips around the head and taking a long and slow luxurious suck, then pulled off his cock again before Will could do much more than moan in protest.

"What I like is to watch you lose control of yourself," he said, tightening his firm hold at the base of Will's cock. "Watch you enjoy it. Watch you struggle."

He gave an impatient tug of Hannibal's hair and cried out when Hannibal bit him hard on his hip.

"Hey! That kind of hurt."

“Please take your hand away from my hair, Will,” he said, warningly. Will knew that tone. Hannibal didn’t use it often, but Will knew when Hannibal meant business. “Do you want me to tie your hands to the couch?”

Will felt his face flush hotly, closing his eyes and turning his head to try and hide. *“No.”*

“Is it your fear of submission that prevents you from asking for what you want? Or is it your shame for *wanting* to submit to me that you’re trying so hard to deny?”

“Don’t psychoanalyze me when you have my dick in your mouth, Hannibal! And if we’re going to do this, then let’s talk about your obsessive need to dominate and control me until, inevitably, the only thing that I’ll have in my life is you!” He said, a lot harsher than he planned. He sighed and stared up at the ceiling, breathing deeply. *Jesus, he was still hard.*

Hannibal ran a hand soothingly over Will’s stomach. “I’m sorry, Will. Observing is what we do. I can’t shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off. I only want to please you. As you please me.”

“Sorry, I’m sorry,” Will said, looking down and meeting Hannibal’s eyes. “Maybe we should just...rain check tonight and just…”

He watched as Hannibal moved up on the couch, kissing him without any hesitation. Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s back, gasping into Hannibal’s mouth as the kiss turned dirty and messy.

“Perception is a tool that is pointed on both ends,” Hannibal said, nuzzling into Will’s neck. “We’ve come to know each so well in our professional and personal lives; and our aim is so exacting that we can draw blood where no one else could before.”

Will turned and met Hannibal’s unflinching gaze and gave him a pained smile and a nod of acceptance. He leaned towards him and kissed him slowly, delving into his mouth with his tongue. It seemed that there was a switch turned on in Hannibal, who took over the kiss as he held Will’s head in both of his hands. Will panted noisily as Hannibal wrapped his arms underneath Will’s hips, holding him up as Hannibal sucked his cock back into his mouth,

moving quickly up and down as Will tried to brace his socked feet against the slippery silk, bucking his hips as Hannibal took him down deep, nose pressed against Will's pubes.

"Jesus...oh fuck, Hannibal, fuck! Coming! Oh God! Yes!"

Will laughed, breathlessly, both of his hands clutching the armrest above his head, as he trembled through the intense pleasure. Hannibal finally pulled off, his lips red and stretched, hair completely in disarray, face flushed a deep rose, and he looked like he had a damn good time being used. He didn't look so unruffled now and Will liked it that Hannibal wasn't all that in control over himself this time.

"That was more than just making out, Hannibal," Will said, smiling widely.

"It was impulsive," Hannibal murmured, raising his eyebrow. "You tempt me in so many ways."

Later, when Will had more than two brain cells, he wanted to know just what kind of temptation Hannibal was struggling with when it came to him.

"Give me a minute and I'll take care of you."

Hannibal caressed the pad of his thumb along Will's bottom lip, dark eyes focused on his mouth. It seemed like he was on the verge of making a decision, whether or not to let Will suck him off.

"Come home with me and let me have you. And afterwards, I'll serve you the black pepper ice cream that I made yesterday."

Will curled his arm over his face and laughed, his other hand reaching out to stroke Hannibal's head. "Did we have a fight in the middle of sex and then go right into make up sex?"

“My experience is quite limited in this area,” Hannibal said, amused. “But I am no longer feeling annoyed with you.”

He moved his arm to look at Hannibal, incredulously. “Ohmygod, Hannibal, what am I going to do with you?”

Hannibal moved up on the couch so that he was pressed against Will again, holding him close. He kissed Will and Will moaned at the bitter metallic taste on Hannibal’s tongue. Hannibal grinned at him, brown eyes soft with mirth, the tension gone from his face.

“You can do anything you want with me, Will.”

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Svajone

Baltimore, Maryland

Saturday, May 5

Madame Ona Svajone’s downtown Baltimore establishment was an elegantly converted brownstone/commercial space with limited and private parking behind the building. The parking lot was jealously guarded in a city where parking spaces were at a premium. A large metal gate that required a special numerical passcode kept out people looking for a free spot and offered a convenient haven for Ona’s special customers.

Ona’s head assistant, Rebecca, greeted Will as he stepped inside the establishment. “Hello, Mr. Graham, it’s nice to see you again.”

He closed the door gently and gave her a nod. “Hello.”

“Madame Svajone will be with you in just a few minutes,” she said, leading him into the large, open living room.

“Thank you,” he said, smiling at the young woman. He remembered Hannibal telling him that she was Ona’s niece and the favorite in terms of taking over Ona’s practice when the time came.

Will stood in the entryway to the living room, taking a moment to just inhale the different scents of sandalwood and fresh plants. There was something very lush but also comforting about the room. It was a welcoming place, but it was definitely created to intimidate. It reminded him a lot of Hannibal’s home.

Will knew, from his previous two visits to Svajone’s, that the first floor of the establishment was the front room where Ona met with prospective clients. There were dark woods on the floor made of wide planks, polished and properly carpeted. Heavy and sturdy wooden tables were lined with a few sample pieces. He ran his hand against the heavy silks and brocades and wools and cottons. He could feel the calluses on his hands and fingers catching on the fabric. He jerked his hand away quickly, afraid of snagging the delicate fibers of the expensive fabrics.

The last time he was here, he hadn’t been able to properly explore the space, too nervous and too exasperated by Hannibal’s high-handedness to really concentrate on anything but getting measured and fitted and then out the door. But now that he had some time, he liked being able to look. He thought the artwork was very Old World European, mixed in with authentic 1850s black and white daguerreotype photos in vintage looking frames. Will probably didn’t think that they were “vintage” but original.

“Mr. Graham,” Ona said, stepping into the room from the hallway. She smiled at him warmly and held out her hand. Will shook it, always a little surprised by the strength of her grip. “It is good to see you again.”

She was a petite woman, dressed in a simple black dress that looked both tailored and comfortable. Her dark hair was shot through with silver, pulled up into a neat bun. She looked right at home in her front parlor, elegantly casual, and Will envied her ability to be at ease. This was her domain and everyone knew that she wielded power here.

“Hello, Madame,” he said, shaking her hand. “Thank you for taking me on such short notice.”

She gave him a long look from head to toe, a knowing smile on her lips. “I admit that I wanted to meet you again without Count Lecter in order to gauge you properly. It was out of my own curiosity than anything else. Come, please sit and I shall pour the tea.”

He wondered what she thought of him. If she found him to be weird and socially lacking. If she thought that Will was just using Hannibal for his own sartorial gain. The idea was laughable, but he realized that she didn’t really know him, aside from the fact that Hannibal had bought him a very expensive tuxedo.

Will followed her to a pair of velvet armchairs by the large bay windows, a small table with tea service already spread out waiting for them. He waited for her to take her preferred seat and sat down across from her. Ona poured the nearly black tea into their cups and set the teapot down on the table.

“First, tell me how you liked the fit of your tuxedo.”

He smiled, dropping his eyes from her penetrating gaze, trying not to blush as he remembered the night of the opera fundraiser, several weeks ago. “It, um, fit really well.”

Ona sighed and leaned back in her chair. “Tell me what you liked about the fit. Did it stretch evenly across your back? Did you have to pull down the front at any time? Did the buttons slip through the buttonholes smoothly? When you slipped your hands into the pockets of your dress slacks, did your waist tug down or did the fabric bunch up in the front? As your tailor, I need to know your exact observations on the fit of your clothes.”

Will opened his mouth and then closed it, taken aback by all of her questions.

She chuckled, low and throaty. “I see. This is all new to you. You’ve never considered how your clothes fit, beyond putting it on.”

“To be honest, I don’t think about my clothes at all,” he said, giving a little half shrug.

“Count Lecter did warn me that you would be my most challenging client,” she said, grinning at him.

Will narrowed his eyes. “How did he even know -- nevermind. It’s Hannibal. He just...knows things.”

She nodded, smiling. “Don’t let him intimidate you, Mr. Graham. I remember him when he first arrived in Baltimore more than 15 years ago, a young surgeon at Johns Hopkins, learning the ropes of becoming part of Baltimore culture and society. He was an elegant young man, very well mannered, and very knowledgeable in the arts. It was obvious that he had been influenced by a strong feminine presence and she had inculcated him with a deep and profound appreciation for beauty. But even he had to learn how a well made suit should fit him.”

Will couldn’t help but smile, imagining a younger Dr. Hannibal Lecter standing in front of Madame Svajone’s mirrors, staring critically at himself and assessing every flaw and every imperfection.

“He wouldn’t have shown himself any mercy,” he said, looking at her.

“And yet he would share this with you and finds you more than worthy of his attention,” she told him, picking up her teacup and taking a quiet sip of her tea.

Not wanting to be rude, he picked up his cup and took a sip, too. The tea was an interesting blend, very strong and robust, and not one that Will was familiar with. Then again, he was a coffee drinker and didn’t know much about teas.

“This is very good tea,” he said, setting his cup down in the saucer. “Thank you.”

Ona laughed, holding her teacup in her hand. “Imported from Lithuania. It is a taste that is acquired, not necessarily enjoyed. My country isn’t known for tea, but this particular blend is found in the Aukstaitija region of Lithuania -- not far from Count Lecter’s ancestral home.”

“You know him well.”

“As well as he allows me to know him,” she said, cocking her head and looking at him. “I would say that you know him far better than I ever will.”

Will knew he was blushing, his mind automatically going through a specially curated selection of every intimate and sexual moment with Hannibal. He felt exposed by Ona’s light teasing so he just smiled and looked away, clearing his throat. “I didn’t know that getting a suit made was going to be so personal.”

Ona laughed, leaning forward in her chair, her dark eyes dancing with mirth. “It is very personal. As your tailor, I see all of your imperfections and flaws and insecurities, and it is my duty to hide them from the rest of the world. I am here to help you show the man that you want to be, not necessarily the man that you are. I am your Father Confessor, Mr. Graham, and your secrets I will keep to my dying day. This relationship, between you and I, is not one that either of us will enter into lightly. If you are not honest with me, I cannot be of any service to you. So...tell me, Mr. Graham, why are you here in my shop?”

He didn’t even know what to think.

“I, uh, I wanted to get a suit made.”

“For what purpose?”

Will shrugged, frowning slightly. “I don’t have a special event in mind or anything like that. Maybe to wear to dinner.”

She gave him a shrewd look. “By purpose, I don’t mean an event. What is the purpose of the suit?”

“To clothe the body?”

He watched as she gave him a steely-eyed look, sighing reproachfully. “Mr. Graham, I know you’re not this oblivious.” She smiled slightly as she leaned back in her chair. “Tell me, what do you see when you see Count Lecter dressed in one of his suits, *hmmmm* ?”

“A lot of plaid and paisley,” he said, chuckling.

Ona was not amused. “Please try again.”

Will blushed again, curling his lips under his teeth. “He looks...distinguished. Well fortified. Unbreachable.”

“You may think otherwise but the old adage is true: clothes do make the man,” she said, wisely. “When a man walks into a room, he should command attention. It is not a demand, which is narcissistic and entitled and demeaning; to be able to truly command attention from everyone in the room means that he is worthy of being admired, examined, and found with nothing lacking in his whole personage. It is as much for the person looking as it is for the person deserving to be looked at.”

He considered her words, thinking of his tuxedo as armour. He nodded to her, sitting back in his chair, meeting her eyes.

“Now, tell me the true purpose of the suit you wish me to design.”

Will licked his lips. “I want a suit that fits me perfectly. When I wear it, I want...I want Hannibal to be speechless when he sees me. I want to seduce Hannibal Lecter.”

She folded her hands in her lap and smiled, rather intently, at him. “Good. Now we’re getting somewhere. Tell me exactly how you want to seduce him and we can get started on your new bespoke suit.”

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Three weeks later, he found himself back at the establishment, but on the second floor. Much like the first floor, the second floor fitting area was luxuriously appointed. The front half of the space was set up as a sitting area, more velvet chairs and couches by the front windows, chandeliers hanging from the ceilings, and everything was brightly lit. The back half of the space was lined with mirrors, a small platform in front of the mirrors.

Will’s second visit had been on the second floor, standing stiffly as Ona and Rebecca helped him slip on the nearly finished tuxedo jacket, marking various places with white chalk all over the jacket, murmuring to each other softly in Lithuanian. Hannibal sat in one of the chairs, long legs elegantly crossed over the knee, watching them like a hawk as he sipped his tea from one of the delicate teacups. Will remembered meeting Hannibal’s eyes in the mirror, feeling more lay bared and vulnerable than when he was fully nude.

Ona made an annoyed tsking sound, turning her head to glare at Hannibal. “Count Lecter, if you cannot keep your eagle gaze to yourself, then I cannot finish this garment.”

“I assure you, Madame, I don’t intend it to be critical,” Hannibal said, softly.

“I realize Mr. Graham is beautiful to look upon, but until he can be at ease, these measurements will not be correct and all will be for naught.”

Will couldn’t meet Hannibal’s eyes, dropping his gaze to stare at the floor. He took a few deep breaths, trying to loosen up his muscles, feeling tension all along his shoulders and back. He saw Rebecca looking up at him and she gave him a knowing smile as she pinned up the length of his sleeve cuff.

Hannibal stood up, buttoning his jacket, and nodded his head. “I shall be downstairs looking at the fabrics.”

“Thank you,” Ona said, narrowing her eyes at him. They continued to work and Will could finally relax a little. His shoulders lowered, his entire upper body easing without the watchful eyes of Hannibal behind him. “Yes, that’s much better. How does that feel now, Mr. Graham?”

Will nodded, looking at himself in the mirrors. “It feels really good.”

This visit was less nerve-wracking as it was just Will and Ona as she made adjustments to the rough hand stitched jacket template, dozens of white threaded guidelines holding the different pieces together. He had to admit that her process of getting to know each client personally cut through the polite social veneer of bullshit and he found himself talking to her easily. They had spent a good two hours arguing over the fabric, the color, the inner silk lining, the thread color, and whether Will should wear a single- or a double-breasted jacket. In the end, Will had finally selected a deep royal blue wool and silk blend, two buttons, single-breasted, turquoise blue silk lining, tapered pants, and in an Italian cut...whatever that meant, but he trusted Ona’s judgment.

Madame Ona Svajone was well known in bespoke tailoring circles, her hand tailoring skills very much in demand. But she was selective of her clients, preferring to limit the number of clients so that she could devote her time to creating personalized clothing tailored to each of their needs.

She stood beside him and looked at him in the mirrors, a small smile on her lips as her sharp eyes took in every detail of the pattern pieces fitting his body.

“I can already see the changes in the way that you stand and hold yourself,” she said, meeting his eyes in the mirror. “See the man that you’re becoming.”

Will ducked his head slightly, but he kept his smile. “There’s something...I don’t know...something about wearing a custom tailored suit.”

“I imagine part of that is the anticipation of seeing Count Lecter’s reaction to your seduction,” she said, teasingly. “You want to be seen by him, admired by him. But let me reassure you that you already have Count Lecter’s regard. This suit will act as a catalyst in

your seduction of him, but I would wager that it isn't needed. Therefore, you will get to have him and you will have a very good suit." She reached up and adjusted the width of his jacket lapel. "I imagine that you won't be wearing the suit for very long once he sees you in it, Mr. Graham, so we'll have to make sure that it makes the appropriate impact at first look."

Will laughed, feeling his face flush. "That's, um, a provocative statement, Madame."

"I apologize, that was unseemly of me," she said, but she kept smiling as she looked at him in the mirror. "I should be finished with the garment by next Friday. We can select the shirt and necktie to go with your suit. Rebecca can assist you with your next fitting appointment."

He took a deep breath, feeling his chest expand, and let out a soft exhale. He stroked his hand down his chest and turned to look at the fit across his back and his waist.

"Does it meet with your approval?" She said, grinning widely.

Will let out a soft chuckle. "It's a beautiful suit. Yes. I've never had anything like this before. Thank you."

Ona took that in the spirit that it was meant and she crossed her arms, nodding. "Don't let Count Lecter ruin the seams in his haste to strip you out of it."

All he could do was bark out an astonished laugh, feeling his face heat up.

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Will Graham's House

Wolf Trap, Virginia

Saturday, June 2

After the final fitting, Will wasn't able to return to Svajone's to pick up his new suit before his dinner date with Hannibal. A new Ripper murder had come out of nowhere and Will had spent days running around the city with Jack. Ona understood that his schedule was out of control and sent one of her assistants, a sharply dressed young man named Rodney, out to his house in Wolf Trap.

"Come in," Will said, shaking his hand. "Sorry for making you come all the way out here, but I just couldn't make it to Svajone's today."

"It's no problem, Mr. Graham," he said, looking a little horrified but maintaining his polite demeanor. Rodney carried the suit inside a Svajone carrier, holding it high in the air as the dogs circled him.

"Tssk!" Will said, commanding the dogs' attention. "Back to your beds."

The dogs obeyed, tails wagging as they went to their beds by the fireplace, their eyes following Rodney as he handed the suit carrier to Will.

"Come on into the dining room," Will said, placing the carrier on top of his dining room table, unzipping it. He smiled, smoothing his hand over the suit jacket. "It's beautiful."

"Madame has also added a shirt and necktie to go with the suit."

Will opened the jacket to see a blue shirt and blue-silver necktie nestled inside. Everything was already steamed and ironed. "This is really more than I asked for, but I'm grateful for her attention to detail."

"Perhaps I should stay and help you get dressed," Rodney said, worriedly.

Will laughed, rolling his eyes. “Don’t worry, I have a lint roller.”

Rodney gave him a look. “I’ll need to report this to Madame Svajone.”

“Tattle tell,” he said, smiling. “Hey, how does Madame Svajone want me to pay my bill? Will she bill me or something? Should I write you a check?”

Rodney gave him a smug look. “The bill has been taken care of.”

“She’s really too generous.”

“Oh no, it wasn’t Madame who settled your bill,” Rodney said, and Will knew what he was going to say next. “It’s on Count Lecter’s account.”

Will rolled his eyes and sighed. “Of course it is.”

Rodney chuckled, shaking Will’s hand. “Call us if you have any issues with your suit, Mr. Graham. And thank you for your patronage.”

Will showed him to the door, smiling. “Please send my regards to Madame Svajone. Thanks for coming down, Rodney. I promise, I won’t let the dogs come anywhere near the suit.”

He waved his hand as Rodney backed out of his driveway. Will closed the front door and looked at the dogs, all of them staring at him with curious amusement.

“Okay, kids, you need to be good while I get ready,” he said to the dogs, and then walked into the dining room to pick up the suit carrier, taking it upstairs.

He needed to shine his shoes, take a shower and do something with his hair. He considered shaving, but he kind of liked that his beard was growing back in, giving him a rough look. There was only so much he was willing to sacrifice, and besides, he knew that Hannibal liked that he wasn't always clean shaven. He checked the time and knew he had to get a move on if he wanted to make it to Hannibal's on time for dinner.

His belly fluttered with anticipation, imagining Hannibal's reaction and what he'd do to Will tonight. For propriety's sake, Hannibal would ensure that dinner was served first as it would be rude otherwise before taking Will to bed. His cock was semi-hard and twitching, but he kept his hands to himself during the shower, not wanting to relieve the pressure building inside of him. He knew it would be worth it, in the end, and he didn't want to shortchange Hannibal in his desire to have all of Will.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I broke up the last set to post this section now. One more chapter to go. I'm pretty sure you know that it's the suit!porn chapter.

Hannibal Lecter's House

Baltimore, Maryland

Later That Night

The look on Hannibal's face when he opened the front door was well worth the time and effort it took to create Will's bespoke suit. He would have to let Ona know that the *purpose* of the suit was more than successful.

They stared at each other in silence and Will let Hannibal look his fill, eyes sliding up and down Will's body. The way that the suit jacket wrapped itself around Will's torso, the correct length of his slacks, and the way that the fabric settled against him with a light touch. The royal blue of the suit was a perfect complement to the blue of his chambray dress shirt and blue-gray silk tie. He knew that Hannibal's pleasure for aesthetics was well met. He watched as Hannibal's lips parted slightly, his face flushing.

"Good evening," Will said, softly.

Hannibal cleared his throat. "Good evening, Will."

"You look good," he said, looking at Hannibal in his blue-black and white pinstripe suit and vest. He wore a burgundy and blue paisley necktie. The dress shirt was white, but on closer look, it was a white-on-white subtle plaid pattern. Will snorted to himself, *of course* there would be plaid.

“Thank you.”

Hannibal continued to stare at him, all sense of propriety lost. It warmed Will on the inside to be able to incite such a delicious reaction from the usually stoic man.

“Are you going to invite me in?” He asked, his voice low and teasing.

“Pardon me. Please, come in, Will,” Hannibal said, quickly regaining his senses. He stepped backwards, opening the door wider, his free hand gracefully motioning for Will to come inside.

“Thanks,” Will said, meeting Hannibal’s eyes as he walked into the foyer.

Hannibal closed the front door and Will let out a low chuckle when he felt strong hands grab his shoulders, pressing him against the door a little too hard. Will grunted from the impact as warm lips covered his mouth and a hard thigh moved between his legs, pinning Will effectively. Hannibal’s hands moved over Will’s chest, pushing the front of the jacket aside a little roughly as he slid his hands against Will’s cotton dress shirt. Clever fingers found Will’s nipples and pinched them hard, the sharp brightness of pain shooting into his cock and causing Will to groan, pulling out of the kiss.

“Ona will be very angry with you if you rip out any of her seams,” Will said, breathlessly.

Hannibal curled his hand behind Will’s neck, fingers massaging his nape. The palm of his other hand ran down the front of Will’s new jacket, examining the softness of the fabric. “I would never ruin such a masterpiece. You look exceptional. I’m envious of the effort Madame Svajone has taken with you.”

Will knew that Hannibal wasn’t talking about the damned suit and he hid his smile, shaking his head because Hannibal’s compliments always made him feel a little shy. He’d never had a lover who enjoyed telling Will just how much he was desired.

“You can take it off of me later.”

He knew that Hannibal was already imagining it; how much they’d both enjoy Hannibal taking it off of Will. Button by button, slipping each layer of fabric off of Will’s body, forcing them both to wait and to anticipate each unveiling.

“Slowly. And carefully.”

“That goes without saying.” Hannibal said, huskily, pressing his body against Will.

“So what’s for dinner?”

“You,” Hannibal said, kissing his mouth with gentle, teasing licks. Warm hands cupped Will’s cheeks, tilting his head gently this way and that way as Hannibal place soft, sucking kisses on Will’s lips, his cheeks, and his neck. “You smell marvelous.”

“Do I taste good, Hannibal?”

“Yes,” he said, letting out a throaty sound that could be considered a growl, he kissed Will again, taking his damned time. “We should go upstairs so that I can thoroughly enjoy tasting you.”

Will finally broke the kiss, trying to clear his head. He slid his hands around Hannibal’s waist, his palms moving down to curl over his firm ass. “I don’t get dinner first?”

“My dinner menu tonight isn’t worthy of you at my table.”

He laughed. “What if I’m hungry? For food, Hannibal.”

Hannibal sighed and slowly moved away, his dark eyes meeting Will's. "Of course. I've prepared something simple. If I had known that this was to be a special occasion, I would've been more thoughtful of our dinner plans."

Will smiled and shook his head. "It's just a suit, Hannibal. It's not like there's anything to celebrate. Besides, they wouldn't let me pay for it, so it's on your account."

"As I hoped it would be."

"You really do like to dress me up, don't you?"

"And to show you off," Hannibal said, smirking slightly. "We mustn't forget that I enjoy showing you off."

Will considered that that was probably one of the most honest things that Hannibal said to him. It wasn't going to be a topic that Will was ever going to win, so he graciously acceded this particular battlefield to Hannibal.

"I'm afraid I was in too much of a rush to be here on time, I didn't bring anything."

Hannibal linked his fingers with Will's, tugging him towards the dining room, his eyes never looking away from Will. "You're here, that's all that matters to me."

Will felt his lips curl into a small smile. "Smooth talker."

Hannibal kissed his hand as he guided Will to his usual seat at the table. He seemed reluctant to let Will's hand go; Will found it terribly charming and amusing.

"I'll be back with the first course. Would you pour the wine for us?"

“Sure,” he said, picking up the wine decanter and pouring it into their wine glasses. He looked up and grinned, seeing Hannibal just standing there and watching him. “You alright there, Hannibal?”

“You must excuse me, I seem to be quite distracted,” Hannibal said, a warm smile on his lips. He gave Will another long look before disappearing through the doorway to the kitchen.

For the first time, Will felt comfortable in his own skin, and he wondered if it was because of the new suit or Hannibal’s reaction to him. He could hear Ona’s voice in his head, telling him that he was worthy of the attention. Hannibal wasn’t always easy to read, always under such tight control, but Will saw every microexpression that moved over Hannibal’s face as he looked at Will: covetous, possessive, starving, predatory; there was nothing so simple as desire or even lust with Hannibal.

Will decided that it would be polite to stand and wait for Hannibal. He returned to the dining room holding two plates. Will took that as his cue and unbuttoned his jacket. He smiled as Hannibal placed the plates on the table, looking at the beautiful plating.

“There’s no need for formality, Will,” Hannibal said, looking pleased that Will was waiting for him. “Please, have a seat.”

Will sat down, placing the cloth napkin on his lap. He watched as Hannibal unbuttoned his jacket and sat down at the head of the table.

“It looks good,” Will said, looking at his perfectly plated food. It always looked fancy and appetizing. Will used to be too embarrassed to ask what it was, but he soon realized that Hannibal wanted to be asked because he liked to talk about his creations. “What is it?”

“Lamb liver pate and homemade brown bread crisps,” Hannibal said, a small grin on his face. “It was an impudent little lamb.”

Will watched as Hannibal placed a small forkful of the pate on the bread crisp and followed suit. He gave a soft laugh at Hannibal’s description. “Seems kind of cruel to slaughter a little lamb, even a rude one.”

“At my table, only the cruel deserve cruelty,” Hannibal said, looking at his forkful of pate. “It’s why I employ an ethical butcher.”

“An ethical butcher?” Will said, taking a bite of the pate. He let out a low moan of pleasure at the taste. Hannibal grinned, watching him eat. “So what’s that like? A butcher who’s nice to animals and then slaughters them?”

“I’m afraid I insist on it. No need for unnecessary suffering. Human emotions are gifts from our animal ancestors. Cruelty is the gift humanity has given itself.”

“That’s pretty philosophical for the dinner table,” Will said, smiling at him. He couldn’t stop eating the pate. “You know, I’m not usually one for this type of rich food, but this tastes amazing, Hannibal. I don’t think I’ve ever had pate like this.”

“Then it’s my pleasure to be able to share this with you,” Hannibal said, looking at him for a long moment. He set his cloth napkin on the table and got to his feet. “I’ll get the next course.”

“Thanks,” he said, putting the last of the pate on his bread crisp.

He chewed slowly, closing his eyes to better enjoy the sharp flavors of the pate. It was no wonder that Hannibal had gained such a reputation and why people were so excited to be invited to one of his dinner parties.

Hannibal wheeled out a covered tray and placed it near Will. He gave Will a few moments to finish and he took their plates away, setting it at the bottom shelf of the wheeled tray. He set a small bowl of sorbet in front of him.

“As a palette cleanser before I serve the entree. It’s just a simple lemon sorbet,” Hannibal said, sitting down again and picking up his small spoon.

Will placed a small spoonful in his mouth, letting the subtle lemony flavor melt on his tongue. He took a deep breath as he swallowed.

"Why the sorbet before the entree?"

"The pate is quite flavorful and to be savored. But it would distract from the flavors of the entree."

Will grinned, taking another small spoonful into his mouth. "Especially if you put in so much effort into the entree. You want me to get the full experience from it."

Hannibal finished off his sorbet and gave Will a pleased look.

The main dinner was everything that Will expected from Hannibal. He could feel his mouth watering as he smelled his food.

"Grilled Australian grass fed beef tenderloin steak with a herb layered summer squash cake and wild mushroom puree with micro-herbs and tamarind sauce."

Will gave Hannibal an amused look. "You know I don't know what any of that means, but it smells delicious and I know it'll taste better than any steak I've ever had before."

Hannibal gave him a little nod of acknowledgement, waiting for Will to take his first bite.

" *Mmmmmm* …" Will moaned, naughtily. It was the only honest response he could offer.

Hannibal chuckled, cutting into his steak neatly. "Thank you."

"Should I feel some kind of compassion for this cow? Was it rude and offend you?"

Hannibal reached over and ran his thumb under Will's bottom lip, brushing away the sauce. He sucked his thumb into his mouth.

"We wouldn't want to ruin your new suit," he said, dark eyes looking at Will.

Will wiped his mouth with his napkin, blinking at Hannibal. "Maybe I should tuck the napkin into my collar."

"Or you could undress and eat naked," Hannibal teased, a small smile on his lips. "I would not approve of such an informal manner of dress -- or undress, in this case -- at my table, but you are always the exception to the rule, Will."

"How shocking, Hannibal," he teased back, chuckling.

Hannibal gave a low laugh, looking at Will. "Perhaps another time."

Will tried to imagine what it could be like to sit at the table and eat with Hannibal while naked. It just seemed too unbelievable.

"I honestly can't imagine it," he said, smiling.

"Are you issuing a challenge?"

Will chewed slowly and tilted his chin. He swallowed and then grinned wickedly at Hannibal. "Yes, I'm issuing a challenge."

Hannibal gave him a pleased smile and an acknowledging nod of acceptance. Will drank his wine, feeling his stomach shiver in anticipation. He had no doubt that Hannibal wouldn't stand down on a challenge and Will wondered what Hannibal would do.

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